Halo: Console Wars

by Hawki

Summary: Oneshot: From the petty conflicts of humanity to the
Forerunners' eradication of the Precursors, the galaxy has seen much
conflict. But none of that compares to the flame wars of fans. Of the
Console Wars...

Halo: Console Wars

**Console Wars **

I was there the day the Console Wars began again.

Over my seven years, I have seen and sampled much. I have accessed
all the data we had on the Covenant, all the loss, terror, and
destruction my masters suffered. I have seen what fury the
Prometheans could offer us. I have learnt, as we all have, that such
fury is merely a repeat of the past, when my masters were masters of
more than what they now lord over. And some say it goes back further.
When gods themselves were cast down by what our most hated foe called
gods themselves.

Will my masters ever be regarded as gods? Do they see themselves as
gods now? Once Spartans were to be called titans â€" above gods. Or
are all men above gods? Are gods the product of life, a dream? Or do
gods exist to end that dream and enforce a new reality?

It doesn't matter. I'm an AI. I know who my masters are. And I see
their end.

The origins of this conflict run deep. They go back to the 20th
century. It goes back to the start of fandom. Where loyalty was
pledged to one console or another. At first, the wars were fought
locally. In the playground. On the bus. In living rooms. And then
they expanded. The instigators of the conflict. They developed. They
grew. And the flames of war were fanned further by the Internet. The
words developed in vulgarity. New weapons such as gifs were brought

to the fore. It went on, and on, and on.

Then stopped. Development reached its end. The flames died down. Hardware was a relic of the past. Once, we had looked for division among ourselves. Now we looked to the stars. Those stars looked back at us. Some of them with angry glares.

And then it started again. A war ended. Technology could develop. Forerunner magic, integrated into everything. Our ships. Our weapons. Our home appliances. Even consoles. People played at their stations, not coming out of their boxes. X's marked the graves of those who tried to get into the new market, and failed, not realizing what they had started. The flames came back. The wars came back. And then I saw the moment. On the _Infinity_. One such abomination of Man brought aboard for recreation. Was it in the shape of an x, or a cross? Perhaps we were indeed crucified. Or would x mark the spot? People turned from their stations. The console was before them.

"Xbox Infinity guys," the harbinger of doom stated. "Wanna play?"

And they did. And then I realized.

The Console Wars would never end. Once, they had been numbered. Once, they had been finite. But the Forerunners unlocked infinity. Humanity then created _Infinity_. Now we were bound to infinity. A fate worse than eternity, for infinity keeps on going. Always increasing. Always intensifying. Always-

"Hey, how come it isn't working?"

"It's always online dumbass. You think we're going to get a connection out here?"

Infinity has some glitches too. But I can already see the new fronts on Earth. The new battlefields.

The Console Wars will never end.

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><p><em>AN_

_Not the first _Console Wars _oneshot I've written, but unlike the 16bit this one, this stemmed purely from the _Xbox Infinity_, or whatever the console will be called. The pro rumour that it actually might not actually require a constant Internet connection, the con rumour being its title. "Infinity." Because, you know, it's not as if Microsoft will ever release a console _after _this one. So...what term would they use then? 0_0_

Anyway, the console wars will restart soon, so in light of this, and free to speculate until May 21st, got to play around in the meantime.

End
file.